

THE
1st Hang-Man's Lamentation ;
OR, THE
Chancellour's Farewel.

22. April. 1689. *Abusive on him.*

Have at the Blind *Harper's*, for once let us try,
To Sing a Poor *Chancellor's* Sad Destiny,
Bewayl'd by Three Kingdoms, without one wet Eye.
Then Farewel Jeffreys, Old Boy Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.

With *Popery* and *Slavery*, he Thriv'd *Cock-a-hoop* ;
But when *Right, Law, and Gospel*, began to *Look Up*,
He got a *Consumption*, and dy'd of a *Droop*.

Then Farewel, &c.

To Die neither *Satan*, nor *Belzebub's Debtors* ;
Some say he's but gon to Visit his *Bettters* ;
And to take up a Lodging for Old Father *Petre's*.

Then Farewel, &c.

Yes, the *Chancellour's Dead*, and would ye know why ?
His Boys in the *West*, like *Goblins* stood by ;
And with Bloody Pitch-forks, kill'd him Dead in the Eye.

Then Farewel, &c.

The Ghosts of his *Martyrs*, they made such a Stir there,
That Great *Russel's* Ghost, and *Cornish's* Murther,
E'en frightened his Soul, to the Devil and further.

Then Farewel, &c.

The sad Thought of *Hemp*, pierc'd him thoro' and thoro',
And to tell you the Truth, in meer Grief and Sorrow ;
He e'en Died to Day, to save Hanging to Morrow.

Then Farewel, &c.

This *Hector* that once cou'd Roar, Swagger, and *Bristle*,
Our great Son of Thunder's, gon out like a *Fizle* ;
And bids both the *Sheriffs*, and *Hangman* go Whistle,
Then Farewel, &c.

But to march off so sneaking, in troth was fowl play,
For his good Friends of *Holbourn*, as all People say,
Complain he has lost them a whole Holy-Day.

Then Farewel Jeffreys, Old Boy Jeffreys,
Ever and ever Farewel.

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